SAMSON,

AN

ORATORIO,

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

Altered from the SAMSON AGONISTES of *Milton*.

The MUSIC compoſed by GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL, Eſq;

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[Price One Shilling.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ISRAELITES.

SAMSON.

MANOA, Father of *Samſon.*

MICAH, Friend to *Samſon.*

An *Iſraelite* Officer.

Chorus of *Iſraelites.*

PHILISTINES.

DALILA, Wife of *Samſon.*

HARAPHA, a Giant.

Chorus of Philiſtine *Women, and Prieſts of* Dagon.

SCENE, *before the Priſon in* Gaza.

SAMSON,

An ORATORIO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SAMSON *blind, and in Chains. Chorus of the Prieſts ſo* Dagon *celebrating his Feſtival.*

SAMSON.

THIS Day, a ſolemn Feaſt to *Dagon* held
Relieves me from my Taſk of ſervile Toil;
Unwillingly their Superſtition yields
This Reſt! To breathe Heav'n's Air freſh blowing, pure and ſweet.

Chorus of the Prieſts of *Dagon.*

Awake the Trumpet's lofty Sound;
The joyful ſacred Feſtival comes round;
When *Dagon*, King of all the Earth, is crown'd.

AIR.

Ye Men of *Gaza*, hither bring,
The merry Pipe and pleaſing String,
The ſolemn Hymn and chearful Song;
Be *Dagon* prais'd by ev'ry Tongue.

[Chorus repeated.]

A I R.

Loud as the Thunder's awful Voice,
In Notes of Triumph, Notes of Praiſe,
So high great *Dagon*'s Name we'll raiſe,
That Heav'n and Earth may hear how we rejoice.

Samſon. Why by an Angel was my Birth foretold,
If I muſt die, betray'd and captiv'd thus,
The Scorn and Gaze of Foes!—O cruel Thought!
My Griefs find no Redreſs; they inward prey,
Like gangreen'd Wounds, immedicable grown.

A I R.

Samſon. Torments, alas! are not confin'd
To Heart, or Head, or Breaſt;
But will a ſecret Paſſage find
Into the very inmoſt Mind,
With Pains intenſe oppreſt,
That rob the Soul itſelf of Reſt.

S C E N E II.

SAMSON, MICAH, *and Chorus of* Iſraelites.

Micah. [*Apart.*] O Change beyond Report, Thought or Belief!
See how he lies with languiſh'd Head, unprop'd!
Abandon'd! paſt all Hope! Can this be he?
Heroick *Samſon?* whom no Strength of Man,
Nor Fury of the fierceſt Beaſt cou'd quell?
Who tore the Lion, as the Lion tears the Kid;
Ran weaponleſs on Armies clad in Iron,
Uſeleſs the temper'd Steel, or Coat of Mail.

A I R.

AIR.

Micah. O Mirrour of our fickle State!
In Birth, in Strength, in Deeds how great!
From higheſt Glory fall'n ſo low,
Sunk in the deep Abyſs of Woe.

Samſon. [*Apart.*] Whom have I to complain of but myſelf,
Who Heav'n's great Truſt cou'd not in Silence keep,
But weakly to a Woman muſt reveal it?
Micah. [To *Samſon.*] Matchleſs in Might! once *Iſr'el*'s Glory, now her Grief;
We come, thy Friends well known, to viſit thee.
Samſon. Welcome, my Friends. [Sight?
Micah. Which ſhall we firſt bewail, thy Bondage, or loſt
Samſon. O Loſs of Sight! of thee I moſt complain;
O worſe than Beggary, Old Age, or Chains!
My very Soul in real Darkneſs dwells!

AIR.

Samſon. Total Eclipſe! no Sun, no Moon!
All dark amidſt the Blaze of Noon!
O glorious Light! No chearing Ray
To glad my Eyes with welcome Day:
Why thus depriv'd thy prime Decree,
Sun, Moon, and Stars are dark to me.

CHORUS.

O firſt created Beam! and thou great Word!
Let there be light! and Light was over all,
One heav'nly Blaze ſhone round this earthly Ball.
To thy dark Servant Life by Light afford.

Samſon.

Samſon. You ſee, my Friends, how Woes incloſe me round:
But, had I Sight, how cou'd I heave my Head
For Shame? Thus for a Word, or Tear, divulge
To a falſe Woman God's moſt ſecret Gift,
And then be ſung or proverb'd for a Fool.
Micah. Here comes thy reverend Sire, old *Manoa*,
With careful Steps, and Locks as white Down.
Samſon. Alas! another Grief that Name awakes.

SCENE III.

SAMSON, MICAH, MANOA, *and the Chorus of* Iſraelites.

Manoa. Brethren, and Men of *Dan*, ſay, where's my Son?
Samſon, fond *Iſr'el's* Boaſt; inform my Age.
Micah. As ſignal now in low dejected State,
As in the height of Pow'r: See where he lies.
Manoa. O miſerable Change! Is this the Man
Renown'd afar, the Dread of *Iſr'el's* Foes?
Who with an Angel's Strength their Armies quell'd,
Himſelf an Army; now unequal Match
To guard his Breaſt againſt the Coward's Spear.
" *Manoa accompanied.* The Good we wiſh for, often
" proves our Bane,
" I pray'd for Children——and I gain'd a Son——
" And ſuch a Son, as all Men hail'd me happy;
" But who'd be now a Father in my ſtead?
" The Bleſſing drew a Scorpion's Tail behind:
" This Plant (ſelect and ſacred for a while,
" The Miracle of all!) was in one Hour enſnar'd,
" Aſſaulted, overcome, led bound——
" His Foes Deriſion, Captive,
" Poor and blind.

AIR.

AIR.

Manoa. Thy glorious Deeds inſpir'd my Tongue,
Whilſt Airs of Joy from thence did flow;
To Sorrow now I tune my Song,
And ſet my Harp to Notes of Woe.

Samſon. Juſtly theſe Evils have befall'n thy Son;
Sole Author I, ſole Cauſe. My Griefs for this
Forbid mine Eye to cloſe, or Thoughts to reſt:
But now the Strife ſhall end; me overthrown,
Dagon preſumes to enter Liſts with God;
Who, thus provok'd, will not connive, but rouſe
His Fury ſoon, and his great Name aſſert.
Dagon ſhall ſtoop, ere long be quite deſpoil'd
Of all thoſe boaſted Trophies won on me.

AIR.

Samſon. Let not the God of *Iſr'el* ſleep:
Ariſe with dreadful Sound,
And Clouds encompaſs round,
Then ſhall the Heathen hear thy Thunder deep.
Then Tempeſt of thy Wrath now raiſe,
In Whirlwind them purſue,
Full fraught with Vengeance due,
'Till Shame and Trouble all thy Foes ſhall ſeize.

Micah. There lies our Hope: true Prophet may'ſt thou be,
That God may vindicate his glorious Name;
Nor let us doubt whether God is Lord, or *Dagon*.

CHO-

CHORUS.

Then ſhall they know, that he whoſe Name
Jehovah is alone,
O'er all the Earth but one,
Was ever the moſt high, and ſtill the ſame.

Manoa. For thee, my deareſt Son, muſt thou mean while
Lie thus neglected, in this loathſome Plight?
Samſon. It ſhou'd be ſo: why ſhou'd I live?
Soon ſhall theſe Orbs to double Darkneſs yield,
My genial Spirits droop, my Hopes are flat;
Nature in me ſeems weary of herſelf;
My Race of Glory run, and Race of Shame;
Death invocated oft' ſhall end my Pains,
And lay me gently down with them that reſt.
Micah. Then long Eternity ſhall greet your Bliſs.
No more of earthly Joys, ſo falſe and vain!

AIR.

Micah. Joys that are pure, ſincerely good,
Shall then o'ertake you as a Flood:
Where Truth and Peace do ever ſhine,
With Love that's perfectly divine.

CHORUS.

Then round about the ſtarry Throne
Of Him who ever rules alone,
Your heav'nly-guided Soul ſhall climb;
Of all this earthly Groſſneſs quit,
With Glory crown'd, for ever ſit,
And triumph over Death, and Thee, O Time.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SAMSON, MICAH, MANOA, *and the Chorus of* Iſraelites.

MANOA.

TRUST yet in God; the Father's timely Care
Shall proſecute the Means to free thee hence;
Mean time, all healing Words from theſe thy Friends admit.
Samſon. My Evils hopeleſs are; one Pray'r remains,
A ſpeedy Death to cloſe my Miſeries.
Micah. Relieve thy Champion, Image of thy Strength;
And turn his Labours to a peaceful End.

AIR.

Micah. Return, O God of Hoſts! behold
Thy Servant in Diſtreſs,
His mighty Griefs redreſs,
Nor by the Heathen be they told.

CHORUS.

To Duſt his Glory they wou'd tread,
And number him amongſt the Dead.

SCENE II.

SAMSON, MICAH, DALILA, *Chorus of* Iſraelites, *and Virgins attending* DALILA.

Micah. But who is this, that ſo bedeck'd and gay,
Comes this way ſailing like a ſtately Ship;
'Tis *Dalila* thy Wife.

Samſon. My Wife! my Trait'reſs: Let her not come near me.

Micah. She ſtands, and eyes thee fix'd, with Head declin'd,
(Like a fair Flow'r ſurcharg'd with Dew) ſhe weeps;
Her Words addreſs'd to thee ſeem Tears diſſolv'd,
Wetting the Borders of her ſilken Veil.

Dalila. With doubtful Feet, and wav'ring Reſolution,
I come, O *Samſon!* dreading thy Diſpleaſure;
But Conjugal Affection led me on,
Prevailing over Fear and tim'rous Doubt.

Samſon. Out, thou *Hyæna!* 'twas Malice brought thee here;
Theſe are the Arts of Women falſe, like thee,
To break all Vows, repent, deceive ſubmit;
Then, with inſtructed Skill, again tranſgreſs.

Dalila. I wou'd not leſſen my Offence, yet beg
To weigh it by itſelf;
A mutual Weakneſs mutual Pardon claims.

Samſon. How cunningly the Sorcereſs diſplays
Her own Tranſgreſſions, to upbraid me mine?
I to myſelf was falſe, ere thou to me;
Bitter Reproach! but true. The Pardon then
I to my Folly give, take thou to thine.

AIR.

AIR.

Dalila. With plaintive Notes and am'rous Moan
Thus cooes the Turtle left alone;
Like her averſe to each Delight,
She wears the tedious widow'd Night;
But when her abſent Mate returns,
With doubled Raptures then ſhe burns.

Samſon. Did Love conſtrain thee? No, 'twas raging Luſt.
Love ſeeks for Love, thy Treaſon ſought my Hate.
In vain you ſtrive to cover Shame with Shame:
Once join'd to me, tho' judg'd your Country's Foe,
Parents, and all, were in the Huſband loſt.

AIR.

Your Charms to Ruin led the way,
My Senſe deprav'd
My Strength enſlav'd,
As I did love, you did betray.
How great the Curſe! How hard my Fate
To paſs Life's Sea with ſuch a Mate!

Dalila. Forgive what's done, nor think of what's paſt Cure;
From forth this Priſon-houſe come home to me,
Where with redoubled Love, and nurſing Care,
(To me glad Office!) my Virgins and myſelf
Shall tend about thee to extremeſt Age.

AIR.

Dalila. My Faith and Truth, O *Samſon*, prove;
But hear me, hear the Voice of Love;
With Love no Mortal can be cloy'd,
All Happineſs is Love enjoy'd.

Chorus of Virgins.

Her Faith and Truth, O *Samſon*, prove,
But hear her, hear the Voice of Love.

AIR.

Dalila. To fleeting Pleaſures make your Court,
No Moment loſe, for Life is ſhort;
The preſent Now's our only Time,
The miſſing That our only Crime.
How charming is domeſtic Eaſe!
A thouſand ways I'll ſtrive to pleaſe:
Life is not loſt, tho' loſt your Sight,
Let other Senſes taſte Delight.

Chorus repeated.

" Her Faith and Truth, O *Samſon* prove,
" But hear her, hear the Voice of Love.

Samſ. Ne'er think of that; I know thy warbling Charms,
Thy Trains, thy Wiles, and fair enchanted Cup;

Their

Their Force is null'd; when once I have been caught,
I ſhun the Snare; theſe Chains, this Priſon-Houſe
I count the Houſe of Liberty to thine.

Dalila. Let me approach at leaſt, and touch thy Hand.

Samſon. Not for thy Life, leſt fierce Remembrance wake
My ſudden Rage, to tear thee Limb from Limb:
At Diſtance I forgive; depart with that:
Now triumph in thy Falſhood; ſo farewel.

Dalila. Thou art more deaf to Pray'rs than Winds or Seas.
Thy Anger rages an eternal Tempeſt;
Why ſhould I humbly ſue for Peace, thus ſcorn'd,
With Infamy upon my Name denounc'd?

DUET.

Dalila. Traitor to Love, I'll ſue no more
For Pardon ſcorn'd, your Threats give o'er.
Samſon. Traitreſs to Love, I'll hear no more
The Charmer's Voice, your Arts give o'er.

SCENE III.

SAMSON, MICAH, HARAPHA, *Chorus of* Iſraelites, *and Prieſts of* Dagon.

Micah. No Words of Peace, no Voice-enchanting Fear,
A rougher Tongue expect.—Here's *Harapha*,
I know him by his Pride and haughty Look.

Harapha. I come not, *Samſon*, to condole thy Chance;
I am of *Gath*, Men call me *Harapha*;
Thou know'ſt me now; of thy prodigious Might

Much

Much have I heard, incredible to me!
Nor leſs diſpleas'd that never in the Field
We met to try each other's Deeds of Strength:
I'd ſee if thy Appearance anſwers loud Report.

Samſon. The Way to know, were not to ſee, but taſte.

Harapha. Ha! doſt thou then already ſingle me?
I thought that Labour and thy Chains had tam'd thee.
Had Fortune brought me to that Field of Death,
Where thou wrought'ſt Wonders with an Aſs's Jaw,
I'd left thy Carcaſs where the Aſs lay thrown.

Samſon. Boaſt not of what thou would'ſt have done, but do.

Harapha. The Honour certain to have won from thee
I loſe, prevented by thy Eyes put out:
To combat with a blind Man, I diſdain.

AIR.

Honour and Arms ſcorn ſuch a Foe,
Tho' I cou'd end thee at a Blow;
Poor Victory,
To conquer thee
Or glory in thy Overthrow:
Vanquiſh a Slave that is half ſlain!
So mean a Triumph I diſdain.

Samſon. Cam'ſt thou for this, vain Boaſter? yet take heed;
My Heels are fetter'd, but my Hands are free.
Thou Bulk, of Spirit void, I once again,
Blind, and in Chains, provoke thee to the Fight.

Harapha. O *Dagon!* can I hear this Inſolence,
To me unus'd, not rend'ring inſtant Death?

DUET.

DUET. Samſon *and* Harapha.

Samſon. Go, baffled Coward, go,
Leſt Vengeance lay thee low;
In Safety fly my Wrath with Speed.
Harapha. Preſume not on thy God,
Who under Foot has trod
Thy Strength and Thee, at greateſt Need.
Both. Go, baffled Coward, go, &c.
Preſume not on thy God, &c.

Micah. Here lies the Proof:—If *Dagon* be thy God,
With high Devotion invocate his Aid,
His Glory is concern'd. Let him diſſolve
Thoſe magic Spells that gave our Hero Strength,
Then know whoſe God is God; *Dagon*, of mortal Make,
Or that Great one whom *Abr'am*'s Sons adore.

Chorus of *Iſraelites.*

Hear, *Jacob*'s God! *Jehovah*, hear!
O ſave us, proſtrate at thy Throne,
Iſr'el depends on thee alone;
Save us, and ſhew that thou art near.

Harapha. Dagon, ariſe! attend thy ſacred Feaſt;
Thy Honour calls, this Day admits no Reſt.

Chorus

Chorus of the Prieſts of *Dagon*.

To Song and Dance we give the Day,
Which ſhews thy univerſal ſway.
Protect us by thy mighty Hand,
And ſweep this Race from out the Land.

Chorus of both

Both Chorus's. Fix'd in his everlaſting Seat,
Chorus of Iſraelites. *Jehovah* rules the World in State.
Chor. Prieſts of Dagon. Great *Dagon* rules the World in State.
Both. His Thunder roars, Heav'n ſhakes, and Earth's aghaſt,
The Stars with deep Amaze,
Remain in ſtedfaſt Gaze.
Chorus of Iſraelites. *Jehovah* is of Gods the firſt and laſt.
Chor. Prieſts of Dagon. Great *Dagon* is of Gods the firſt and laſt.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SAMSON, MICAH, *and Chorus of* Iſraelites.

MICAH.

REFLECT then, *Samſon*, Matters now are ſtrain'd
Up to the Height, whether to hold or break.
He's gone, whoſe Malice may inflame the Lords.

Samſon. Shall I abuſe this conſecrated Gift
Of Strength, again returning with my Hair,
By vaunting it in Honour to their God,
And proſtituting holy Things to Idols?

Micah. How thou wilt here come off ſurmounts my Reach;
'Tis Heav'n alone can ſave both us and thee.

Chorus of *Iſraelites.*

With Thunder arm'd, great God ariſe;
Help, Lord, or *Iſr'el's* Champion dies;
" To thy Protection this thy Servant take,
" And ſave, O ſave us, for thy Servant's ſake.
" With Thunder arm'd, great God ariſe;
" Help, Lord, or *Iſr'els* Champion dies.

Samſon. Be of good Courage, I begin to feel
Some inward Motions, which do bid me go.

Micah. In Time thou haſt reſolv'd, again he comes.

Harapha. *Samſon*, this ſecond Summons ſend our Lords:
Haſte thee at once, or we ſhall Engines find
To move thee, tho' thou wert a ſolid Rock.

Samſon. Vain were their Art if try'd; I yield to go,
Not thro' your Streets be like a wild Beaſt trail'd.
Harapha. You thus may win the Lords to ſet you free.
Samſon. In nothing I'll comply that's ſcandalous
Or ſinful by our Law. Brethren, farewel:
Your kind Attendance now, I pray, forbear.
Micah. So may'ſt thou act as ſerves his Glory beſt.
Samſon. Let but that Spirit (which firſt ruſh'd on me
In the Camp of *Dan*) inſpire me at my Need,
Then ſhall I make *Jehovah*'s Glory known,
Their Idol Gods, ſhall from his Preſence fly,
Scatter'd like Sheep before the God of Hoſts.

AIR.

Samſon. Thus when the Sun from's wat'ry Bed,
All curtain'd with a cloudy Red
Pillows his Chin upon an orient Wave;
The wand'ring Shadows ghaſtly pale,
All troop to their infernal Jail,
Each fetter'd Ghoſt ſlips to his ſev'ral Grave.

Micah. With Might endu'd above the Sons of Men,
Swift as the Light'ning's Glance his Errand execute,
And ſpread his Name amongſt the Heathen round.

AIR.

The Holy One of *Iſr'el* be thy Guide,
The Angel of thy Birth ſtand by thy Side:
To Fame immortal go,
Heav'n bids thee ſtrike the Blow;
The Holy One of *Iſr'el* is thy Guide.

SCENE

SCENE II.

MICAH, MANOA, *and Chorus of* Iſraelites.

Micah. Old *Manoa*, with youthful Steps, makes haſte
To find his Son, or bring us ſome glad News.

Manoa. I come, my Brethren, not to ſeek my Son,
Who at the Feaſt does play before the Lords;
But give you Part with me, what Hopes I have
To work his Liberty.

Chorus of Philiſtines *at a Diſtance.*

Great *Dagon* has ſubdu'd our Foe,
And brought their boaſted Hero low:
Sound out his Pow'r in Notes divine,
Praiſe him with Mirth, high Chear, and Wine.

Manoa. What Noiſe of Joy was that? it tore the Sky.

Micah. They ſhout and ſing to ſee their dreaded Foe
Now Captive, blind, delighting with his Strength.

Manoa. Cou'd my Inheritance but ranſom him,
Without my Patrimony, having him,
The richeſt of my Tribe.

Micah. Sons care to nurſe
Their Parents in Old Age; but you, your Son.

AIR.

Manoa. How willing my paternal Love
The Weight to ſhare
Of filial Care,
And Part of Sorrow's Burden prove:
Tho' wand'ring in the Shades of Night,
Whilſt I have Eyes he wants no Light.

Micah. Your Hopes of his Deliv'ry ſeem not vain,
In which all *Iſr'el*'s Friends participate.

Manoa. I know your friendly Minds, and——

[*A Symphony here of Horror and Confuſion.*]

Heav'n! what Noiſe?
Horribly loud, unlike the former Shout.

Chorus of *Philiſtines* at a Diſtance.

Hear us, our God! O hear our Cry!
Death! Ruin! fall'n! no Help is nigh:
O Mercy, Heav'n! we ſink! we die!

Micah. Noiſe call you this; an univerſal Groan,
As if the World's Inhabitation periſh'd!
Blood, Death, and Ruin at their utmoſt Point!

Manoa. Ruin indeed! Oh! they have ſlain my Son!

Micah. Thy Son is rather ſlaying them; that Cry
From Slaughter of one Foe cou'd not aſcend.
But ſee, my Friends,
One hither ſpeeds, an *Hebrew* of our Tribe.

SCENE III.

MANOA, MICAH, *and an* Iſraelite *Officer*. *Chorus of* Iſraelites.

Officer. Where ſhall I run, or which Way fly the Thoughts
Of this moſt horrid Sight? O Countrymen!
You're in this ſad Event too much concern'd.

Micah. The Accident was loud, we long to know from whence.

Officer. Let me recover Breath; it will burſt forth.

Manoa.

Manoa. Tell us the Sum, the Circumſtance defer.
Officer. *Gaza* yet ſtands, but all her Sons are fall'n.
Manoa. Sad! not to us: But now relate by whom.
Officer. By *Samſon* done.
Manoa. The Sorrow leſſens ſtill,
And nigh converts to Joy.
Officer. Oh, *Manoa!*
In vain I would refrain;—the evil Tale
Too ſoon will rudely pierce thy aged Ear.
Manoa. Suſpence in News is Torture; ſpeak them out.
Officer. Then take the worſt in brief—*Samſon* is dead.
Manoa. The worſt indeed! My Hopes to free him hence
Are blaſted all; but Death, who ſets all free,
Hath paid his Ranſom now.
Micah. Yet, ere we give the Reins to Grief, ſay firſt
How dy'd he? Death to Life is Crown or Shame.
Officer. Unwounded of his Enemies he fell,
At once he did deſtroy, and was deſtroy'd.
The Edifice, where all were met to ſee,
Upon their Heads, and on his own he pull'd.
Manoa. O laſtly over-ſtrong againſt thyſelf!
A dreadful Way thou took'ſt to thy Revenge:
Glorious, yet dearly bought!

A I R.

Micah. Ye Sons of *Iſr'el* now lament,
Your Spear is broke, your Bow's unbent;
Your Glory's fled,
Amongſt the Dead
Great *Samſon* lies,
For ever, ever clos'd his Eyes.

Chorus

Chorus of *Iſraelites.*

Weep, *Iſr'el*, weep a louder Strain,
Samſon, your Strength, your Hero's ſlain.

[*A March.*

Micah. The Body comes; we'll meet it on the Way
With Laurels ever green, and branching Palm;
Then lay it in its Monument, hung round
With all his Trophies, and great Acts enroll'd
In Verſe Heroick, or ſweet Lyric Song.

Manoa. There ſhall all *Iſr'el*'s valiant Youth reſort,
And from his Memory inflame their Breaſts
To matchleſs Valour, whilſt they ſing his Praiſe.

AIR.

Glorious Hero, may thy Grave
Peace and Honour ever have;
After all thy Pains and Woes,
Reſt eternal, ſweet Repoſe.

Iſraelite Woman. The Virgins too ſhall on their feaſtful Days
Viſit his Tomb with Flow'rs, and there bewail
His Loſs, unfortunate in Nuptial Choice.

Chorus of Virgins.

Bring the Laurels, bring the Bays,
Strew his Herſe, and ſtrew the Ways.

AIR.

May ev'ry Hero, fall like thee,
Thro' Sorrow to Felicity.

Chorus

Chorus repeated.

Bring the Laurels, bring the Bays,
Strew his Herſe, and ſtrew the Ways.

Manoa. Come, come; no Time for Lamentation now;
No Cauſe for Grief; *Samſon* like *Samſon* fell;
Both Life and Death heroick, To his Foes
Ruin is left; to him eternal Fame.

AIR.

Let the bright Seraphim in burning Row
Their loud up-lifted Angel-trumpets blow:
Let the Cherubick Hoſt, in tuneful Choirs,
Touch their immortal Harps with golden Wires:

CHORUS.

Let their celeſtial Concerts all unite,
Ever to ſound his Praiſe in endleſs Blaze of Light.

FINIS.

Chorus repeated.

Bring the Laurels, bring the Bays,
Strew his Herle, and strew the Ways.

Manoa. Come, come; no Time for Lamentation now;
No Cause for Grief; Samson like Samson fell;
Both Life and Death heroick, To his Foes
Ruin is left; to him eternal Fame.

AIR.

Let the bright Seraphim in burning Row
Their loud up-lifted Angel-trumpets blow:
Let the Cherubick Hoft, in tuneful Choirs,
Touch their immortal Harps with golden Wires:

CHORUS

Let their celeftial Concerts all unite,
Ever to found his Praife in endleſs Blaze of
Light.

FINIS.